

Woman's Place and Power-IV.

A SERIES OF PAPERS BY THE LATE GENERAL

I COMMENCED my Messages on the position, privileges and duties of Woman by describing the treatment some members of my own family had received at my hands. I then asked for the full recognition of her equality with man, and went on to ask for a higher estimate and a more generous recognition of her position in the family. I now want to show more carefully what position should be given her in The Army, and what work ought to be expected at her hands.

Salvation Heroism

I am sure you will agree with me as to the value of the part she has played in the past years of our history. You all know something of the Salvation Heroism she has displayed. She has descended into the foulest slums of the great cities. She has sought out and raised the worst of her own sex. She has fought and conquered the roughest, coarsest and wildest of men. She has lived amongst the most ignorant and the most savage tribes of the heathen. She has nursed the sick and blessed the dying; and, with words of mercy on her lips, she has gone down with them in the great waters.

Filled the Highest Posts

At the same time her ministrations have found access to the hearts, and a welcome to the homes, of the richest and the greatest of almost every land where our flag is flying. She has filled with honour the highest posts of authority and government in our ranks, and direct-

ed with success many of our most difficult campaigns. Indeed, she has justified every claim ever made by The Army upon her capacity, her courage, and her love. Woman has done well for The Salvation Army. The memories of these heroines of the past can never die. I prophesy that they will be handed down from one generation to another, and will be an inspiration to The Army for ever.

The heroines of the present are before your eyes. The unselfish devotion, unquestioned capacity, and dauntless courage of our Women workers, form a large part of the strength of every Corps in The Salvation Army.

Much More Must Be Done

Yes, God be praised, much has been done by Woman in the past, much is being done by Woman in the present, but much more must be done by the Woman of the future. To that end more must be done for her.

We have done something important for her already. We have welcomed her to the platform and the council chamber—every position of power and usefulness in The Army is open to her. But more must be done.

I—Let us search through our ranks for the Women suitable for leading positions.

There ought to be a post for every earnest living Woman, and such a Woman to fill every post. But that time is not yet. True, but we have travelled some way towards it. But if every Woman had the work assigned her for which she is best fitted, think what a blessing would result to the world.

There are thousands of Women capable of rendering most valuable service to the cause of God and humanity, who only need to be discovered, and set to work. They must be hunted out.

Questions for All

Let every Salvationist-husband help us in this search by asking whether his wife is doing all she might do for God, and let every father and mother assist us by asking the same question for their daughters. I don't leave the sons out of my calculations, but I cannot help feeling that the capabilities of our girls are in more danger of being overlooked than those of our boys.

II.—Let us be at more trouble to select work suited to the Women whom we call to action. Abilities differ. Tastes vary. Some can give time in the day who cannot give it in the night, and others are so fixed that their opportunities are reserved. Some could visit the sick, or care for the new Converts, who could not train the Juniors, while others,

who could do minor work, could sell our papers.

III.—Let us take more pains to encourage the Women to stand to the duties of the post assigned them. In this respect, Women need to do more for herself. She has always done all she might to maintain the position given her, and to charge the duties connected with it.

Pray for her

The old prejudice against Women doing anything in public, the natural timidity of her nature, the false feeling that her place is in the background, desire for a more free coming to the front, or drive holding steadily to the position which she has reached.

Let us pray for these who are ready more, count on them more, love them more.

Let us banish the mean, selfish, heathen, and un-Christian-like treatment of Woman as a plaything, a creature made for the gratification of man, and to that end, and then banished into unremembered, unnoticed, and unknown.

Take the Place Offered

I appeal to the Women of The Army everywhere to rise up and take the place offered them, and a devoted discharge of its duties. Justly the stand I have taken and the words I have spoken on this behalf.

God bless our Women Soldiers and grant that my labors and my plea for them be fruitful unto the Lord.

—WILLIAM BOOTH

Western Canada's Welcome to New Leaders

Mayor Waugh Presides at Civic Reception—International Secretary Installs Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton and Headquarters Staff

TWO GREAT SERVICES IN DOMINION THEATRE

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE welcome of Canada West to its new Leaders, Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton, reached high-water level for crowds, enthusiasm, Civic and Governmental representatives, and Salvationists. There was an avowed absence of ceremonial, and the plain, severe walls of the Scandinavian Citadel (Winnipeg) in which the Officers and Locals gatherings were convened, emphasized this aspect: an arrangement that just suited the mind of the West, where the spirit of democracy that prevails carries out a leveling process that is unknown in older lands. Surely nothing could have exceeded the whole-heartedness with which the Officers and Locals received The General's representative (Commissioner Lamb), and it was a moment of supreme spiritual fervour when the International Secretary—evidently much moved—presented to the Officers assembled: "A man whose heart God had touched."

By cheers, spontaneous uprisings, waving of handkerchiefs, outbursts of music, hearty Amens! and Hallelujahs! count for anything, then the meetings were not lacking in the "ceremonials" so dear to the heart of Salvationists.

From the public standpoint, the event of the Campaign was the Sunday afternoon's meeting in the Dominion Theatre. The fact that it was mid-July weather caused some misgivings as to the success of a representative platform and the crowds, but from all points of view—spirit, crowds, and platform—everything was all that could be desired.

Mayor Waugh presided and tendered a very cordial civic welcome; while the Hon. Edward Brown, on behalf of the Provincial Government, gave the new Leaders a very warm welcome, and expressed high appreciation of the work of The Army. Controller Cockburn, when asking the International Secretary to convey to The General Winnipeg's appreciation of The Army's work, also congratulated The Army on the wisdom shown by the creation of a new Territory.

Commissioner Lamb's induction chapter to Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Turner, Major Dobney, and Ensign Pugmire, thrilled the entire audience. The Commissioner manifestly did not strive for effect, but his simple, graphic language stirred the souls of his hearers, and the Hon. E. Brown feelingly referred to the laying on of hands as effective.

The theatre at night was packed; for the Campaign there were thirty-two for Salvation and sixteen for Sanctification.

on and Mrs. Turner, Commissioner Lamb, in his usual kind and sympathetic way, called upon Lieut.-Colonel Turner to speak first, as he appeared to be the best acquainted. The Colonel expressed his appreciation of the confidence which had been placed in him, and was glad to be associated with many old friends, and privileged to be of service to his new Leaders, Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton.

Major Dobney gave a ringing, definite testimony, telling of his great desire and determination to be of service to God and his comrades of The Army in the West.

Mrs. Commissioner Lamb, in her winning, womanly way, expressed her gratitude to God for grace sufficient for all her years of service. Her greatest ambition and desire was to be of service to her new comrades.

Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton were received with open arms. Remembering their service in Canada in days gone by, and also hearing in mind their years of faithful service for God and The Army in so many different parts of the world, it is not to be wondered that there was no joy which could be compared with leading a soul to Christ. Mrs. Sowton brought the afternoon service to a close with prayer.

At the close of the afternoon service, it had been arranged for the Commissioners to have tea with all the Officers. At the finish of this very happy function, Colonel Bates gave an interesting address, and incidentally moved a vote of thanks to the League of Mercy, who had prepared the spread. Commissioner Lamb drew further lessons from the new arrangements for the West, and "our own Commissioner" made certain announcements with regard to the composition of the new Western Headquarters Staff.

WITH WINNIPEG LOCALS

The Scandinavian Hall was packed for the night session, when the audience was reinforced by a noble band of Winnipeg's Local Officers. The heat only intensified the enthusiasm, and when Brigadier McLean stepped to the rail, and gave out the first song, everyone settled down to business. "Well about Hallelujah," led by the Citadel Band, was a suitable beginning, after which the Divisional Commander, in a few, hearty words, presented Commissioner Lamb to the Local Officers. The applause over, the Commissioner said he had decided that no one was to speak a word of welcome to the new Leaders until they had seen a sample of the material, and Lieut.-Colonel Turner and Mrs. Commissioner Sowton were the first speakers.

The Colonel said he felt quite at home, and had every confidence in the West, and for the future of the West. Mrs. Sowton had a long wait before she could get in her first word as volley after volley of applause rose and fell over the audience. Her words rang with hope and pulsated with encouragement, and won for her immediately a place in the heart of each one present.

On behalf of the Bandmen Commissioner Lamb called upon Bandmaster Dancy of St. James to speak, and he voiced the feelings of the Western Bandmen when he said: "We are yours to follow." League of Mercy Sergeant-Major Mrs. McKenzie very warmly welcomed the new Leaders, and also spoke appreciatively of the appointment of Major Dobney to the West; but, perhaps, no one looked so satisfied at Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton as did Adjutant Larson when he arose to speak. He told of working under the Commissioners in his native land, and said: "If we have done so well in the West in days gone by with the Commissioner at Toronto, what are we going to do now that we have got our father here with us?"

As representing the Local Officers of the West who were unable to be present, Staff-Captain W. Peacock spoke, and said that he had a beautiful band of Local Officers were present, there were others whose hearts beat just as truly and whose welcome would be just as sincere.

The International Secretary introduced Commissioner Sowton, and the Commissioner must have been moved by the welcome accorded him by the cheer and handclapping at this his first meeting with the Local Officers in Winnipeg, and in his strong way he urged upon Officers and Locals alike to greater earnestness.

(Continued on Page 12)

THE WEEK'S BEST STORY

SELECTED FROM THE ARMY'S PRESS

"WHY I WANT TO HELP"

A LADY TELLS HER OWN STORY

WHILE Self-Denial collecting in one of the principal residential suburbs of Port Elizabeth (South Africa), one of the sister Soldiers of the No. 1. Corps had an interesting and pleasant experience.

At one of the big houses the Salvationist collector was most warmly received, being invited inside, when over a friendly cup of tea the lady of the house related the following as a reason for her belief and love for The Army:—

"Shortly after my marriage my brother was taken seriously ill, and it was not long before his savings were eaten up with medical fees, and expenses of nursing and medicine. His wife was a brave and capable woman, who was prepared to do anything and suffer anything if by so doing she could manage affairs till her invalid husband should be well enough to resume his duties. The doctors held out but little hope, unless the invalid could get far inland and enjoy some months of complete rest. The situation was desperate. A life depended on the possession of a little ready money.

"Not being as comfortably off then as we were now, neither my husband nor myself were able to offer the much-needed assistance. We could have given a little help monthly, but that would not meet the difficulty.

"After trying one or two of

of help without avail, an old and valued friend of ours advised us to see the Officer of The Salvation Army (the D. O.).

"I went at once, but the Officer was away, and I saw his wife, a sweetly sympathetic woman, who listened intently to my story, and simply told me to go home and not worry any more. The very next day a lady called to see me, and told me that all arrangements had been made, and that my dear brother should have the needed change and rest with a family in Graaff-Reinet.

"My brother and his wife went off in due course, remaining four months, with splendid results to health, and the lady who received them and made them so happy during those months, would take no repayment, feeling more than repaid with the knowledge that she had been able to do the kindness. And now you see, how much I feel that when I see a Salvationist I want to do something in return for such real practical sympathy and timely aid."—South African "Cry."

CALLED TO OFFICERSHIP

Through the Influence of His Good Wife.

About eight years ago God called me to Officership, but, through mis-

understanding, I disobeyed. My pen fails to express my bitter experience since that time. No amount of prayer and no effort brought relief to my anguished soul. So far as my temporal affairs were concerned, I lacked little; my future seemed to be full of good prospects.

One Sunday, through my wife, I definitely vowed to my God my determination to let Him lead me where He would. He again called me to Officership in a manner I never expected—viz., through my wife. At first I recoiled, and then I remembered my past punishment, and then my vow, and I obeyed. The sacrifice of home and earthly prospects is eclipsed by the great happiness my wife and myself are now experiencing.—Australian "Cry."

THE GIRL FROM INDIA

Stranded in Australia. She Found Help at The Army.

She was just a girl, with a very pretty and attractive face, and had not been very long in Australia. About twelve months ago she had left her home in India. She had not come alone—the one that accompanied her was the husband of an officer; and now she was lying helpless, a patient in the city hospital, and she was left stranded.

"Get me employment of some kind," she asked me, as she looked appealingly at me, expecting to receive the help she asked. I offered her a job in a Christian home, and tried in every way to help her, but it was very hard for her to get on, as domestic life in Australia is very different to life in India.

As it seemed impossible for her to get on out here, I advised her to

return to her mother, in India. "Will you go if I fix up things for you by writing to your mother?" I asked, and she promised: "Yes, I will." While waiting a reply, she was engaged in one of our institutions, where the Matron did all in her power to help her.

In time the mother's answer came, and she wrote that she would gladly receive her daughter back again, and thanked us for the note we had taken of the girl, so far away from home. Now she is back again in her own sunny land, with friends and loved ones around her.—The "Victory."

HOISTED THE FLAG

Large Attendance at a Sabbath Meeting.

The first of a series of open-air meetings to be conducted at the Lottentown, P.E.I., under the auspices of the British and Foreign Bible Society, was held on the Sabbath afternoon, July 4th, on the main street.

There was a very large attendance of people, and the meeting was a success. The Rev. G. C. Taylor, Pastor of the Church, gave a very impressive address, and the singing of hymns were rendered. Mrs. Taylor and a couple of the sisters gave a nice drama. The two of the sisters of the Salvation Army, which took place at 415 Argyle and Charlotte streets.

The best way with sin. "And your sins? No; not them in the cross."

LISTOWEL Band, the "baby" of the London Division, is getting along well. Our new Officers, Lieutenants H. Ashby and J. Rowland, are of great assistance to us. We are getting nicely organized, and the boys have started getting their uniforms. There are only seven of us and two learners. The Band was only started a few months ago, and Bandmaster C. Wombwell is taking great interest. He was one of the brave soldiers who fought through the South African War; now he is fighting for God.

The Oshawa Band and Songsters recently gave a service at the Boy Scouts Camp at the invitation of Mr. W. F. Eaton. The Oshawa "Free Press" says: "The singing and music was fine, and listened to attentively by the brigade, and a large gathering of interested friends. At the close of the services the Band led a march around the field and the Scouts presented a soldier-like procession." Bandmaster De Guerre has left for the front, being the third member of the Band to enlist. He is in the ambulance brigade of the P. W. O. Rifles, from Kingston.

July 1st was a very busy day for the Guelph Band. In the afternoon we gave a two-hours' programme at the Riverside Park, where crowds of people had gathered together to spend the day. Prominently amongst them could be seen hundreds of Royal Templars, who had come from different parts of Ontario to spend their annual picnic, and they were greatly delighted with The Army music. After the programme was over, we went to Alma about eighteen miles from Guelph, to give a musical festival for the Methodist Church Garden Party. Two autos and one auto truck was filled with Bandsmen, Ensign and Mrs. Bunton, and Miss Abby from Hamilton, accompanied the party.

The truck left half an hour ahead of the auto, but, being pretty well loaded, was soon passed by the other two autos and left behind, and then something went wrong with their engine, and the driver, not willing to lose any time, kept the car going

while he tried to fix it, leaving the wheel in the care of — Well, I don't mention any names. However, whether the car tried to avoid the many mud and water holes in the road, or made a mistake (it did not say so); but it certainly made a wonderful display as a sprinkler, and we were plastered from top to bottom with water and mud, and our uniforms were a sad-looking imitation of clean cloth.

Then, to top all, it took a sudden dislike for the road, and with an uncontrollable notion, tried its best to jump across the ditch, climb a fence, and go into a beautiful field. She went bumpy bump down one side of the ditch; but, by the time she tried to climb the other side, the driver had managed to get hold of the wheel, and after a few more bumps and shakes that made the boys wonder whether a submarine had struck us, we landed on the road again, safe and without injuries to the instruments or men. We admit that Bro. — is O.K. in running a lawn mower; but when it comes to steering an automobile, he is like

the man who fell out of the balloon — he is not in it.

When we arrived at Alma, we were all in good condition for supper, which was served on the beautiful garden lawn. The tables were loaded with good things, and Mr. Editor, I would not like to tell you how many cups of tea or how many sandwiches disappeared while the boys sat at the tables. We must put the blame on the auto for giving us such a shaking up. The Methodist people at Alma certainly know how to get a supper up, and make a garden party a success.

The programme was entirely on Army lines, including marches, selections, hymn tunes, vocal solos, duets, quartettes, and singing, and was greatly enjoyed by the very large audience of eleven hundred people, who listened with splendid attention, especially to Mrs. Bunton's solos, which were the hit of the evening. The Ensign acted as chairman, and in his breezy and forceful style, kept things going.

All went well on the return journey, and we arrived in Guelph at



The Midland Corps Band—A Useful Combination

The Praying League

Prayer Topics

1. Pray for a wave of spiritual fire to pass through our Dominion, our Empire, and the war-stricken world.
2. Pray that great heart-searching and humiliation may possess the hearts of Christians everywhere.
3. Pray that justice may be enthroned; that peace may be possible.
4. Pray for both Canada's Commissioners in their great responsibilities and stupendous opportunities.
5. Pray for all bereaved and suffering hearts.

A Text for Each Day
MONDAY—Blessed are they that keep My ways. Proverbs 8:22.
TUESDAY—Not I, but Christ, liveth in Me. Galatians 2:20.
WEDNESDAY—The Lord of Hosts is with us. Psalm 46:11.
THURSDAY—Who... delivered us from the power of darkness. Colossians 1:13.
FRIDAY—Life brought me forth... into a large place. Psalm 18:10.
SUNDAY—Is anything too hard for the Lord? Genesis 18:14.

From the Praying League Secretary's Desk

Dear Mrs. Johnston—I was real glad to receive your letter and rejoice to know you had not forgotten me. I am complying with your request re Praying League.

If you care to use this song, by publishing in "The Cry," with your

reason for doing so, it may be the means of helping some one else. Please feel quite at liberty. I will send more "experiences of answer to prayer" when I get time. Glad to tell you I am beautifully saved and sanctified, and happy in His love. Praying God's richest blessing on your labours for Him, and wishing the Praying League every success. Most sincerely yours,—Brother Mac.

The Song
NOTE—This song was the means of saving a soul. The Praying League Secretary sends it on to her reader-singers, hoping it may carry further glad tidings.

This is the Life-Line
 (Composed by Chas. W. McGee.)
 Tune—Throw out the life-line.
 This is the life-line, O' tempest-tost men

Wild winds of passion, your strength cannot brave,
 Jesus is mighty, yes, Jesus can save.

Chorus
 This is the life-line; this is the life-line;
 Jesus can save you to-day!
 This is the life-line; this is the life-line;

Jesus can save you to-day!
 Jesus went down in the depths of death's sea,
 Drank of its waters for you and for me;
 Death could not hold Him—He rose from the grave;
 Stronger than death, He is able to save.

Jesus is able to you who are driven farther and farther from God and from Heaven;
 Helpless and hopeless, o'erwhelmed by sin's wave,
 We throw the life-line, 'tis "Jesus can save."

This is the life-line; Oh, grasp it to-day!
 See, you are recklessly drifting away;
 Our voices, in warning, shout over the wave:
 "Grasp the strong life-line; 'tis Jesus can save."

A Personal Experience

Dear Mrs. Johnston—I have just experienced a direct answer to prayer; it came about in the following manner:

One of my sons had left home, had been away for some considerable time. We had striven our hard-

est to find him, but in vain. We were aware, I am a constant tutor to both "The War Cry" and "Young Soldier," and had for a special article in the latter periodical, an article which had referred to the content of the Bible for purpose.

Ensign S. A. Church wrote me a very sympathetic letter, and told me if I would consent to allow him in prayer—at a certain time on a certain date. This I did, and he told me he was leaving Toronto for the seat of war, and a contingent of the Canadian Army Service Corps.

But, better still, he had come to God—being at the time in home, a backslider. While it was true I have not had the joy of seeing him, yet you may be sure that I and his mother and father know he is back in the Praise God!

I, therefore, count this a direct answer to the prayer of God's Church and myself. I have written the Ensign, informing him of the fact, and do not forget to thank him for His mercies. I would very much like to see the boys who are in difficulties and who are in need of a great opportunity to know God and through the work of music and song. Envoys are interesting programme was given by the Band and Songsters very pleasing numbers be-

ing a selection by the Male Quartette and a baritone solo by the youngest member of the Band—twenty-two years old. At the conclusion the Band led the Scouts on their daily march, around their encampment. The boys seemed to enjoy the programme very much, and we pray that our playing and singing might be the means of touching the hearts of the lads who listened and the means of bringing them to the Saviour.—Sis. E. Stevenson.

Under the leadership of Bandmaster Wood, the St. Mary's Band is making fine progress, and is a means of great blessing to the citizens of the town.—Arthur.

We have welcomed Brother Johnson from Riverdale (Toronto) at Parry Sound, and he is a great help to the Corps. He has taken up euphonium. We had a visit recently from Bandsman and Mrs. Hill,

from Cobourg. They conducted the Sunday's meetings, and were a great blessing to us all. Mrs. Hill was stationed here four years ago as Captain Wakefield. We also had a visit from Captain McCaughey, from Sudbury. The Captain brought his lantern with him, and on Saturday he gave us "The Life of the Late General," and on Sunday evening he gave us "The Life of Christ"—G.

The Midland Band, under the leadership of Bandmaster Gregory, is becoming quite a distinguished concern, being much sought after by both the local community and outside places. They have already fulfilled six engagements, and could have done as many more, which they had to refuse, owing to the alien being unable to leave their work. Their sweet playing in the Park on Sunday afternoon draws quite a crowd, and we believe that it has been a great blessing to many. The great thing about these dear comrades is that

they are not proud of their talents and popularity, only inasmuch as it gives them the privilege of bringing honour and glory to their Saviour. Our Officers, Captain and Mrs. Erick, love nothing better than to see souls at the foot of the Cross. They have done a great work in this Corps. May God still continue to bless them, also their little son, Ralph, who beats the drum in the meetings whenever he gets a chance.

On July 3rd the Fernie Band gave a musical meeting, there being instrumental solos, duets, and other items. A very enjoyable evening was spent. The Band is only small, consisting of about six players, but we are kept busy. Bandmaster W. Ratcliffe is the leader, and he puts in much time for our progress. On Sunday, July 4th, we had good meetings. The afternoon service was entitled "Five Crowns," and proved a success. At the evening meeting two souls sought Salvation.—P. R.

Major Dobney, who has been appointed to a similar position in Canada West, is also a Social Worker of many years' experience. She has seen service in South America, the West-Indies, and on the Continent of Europe. We congratulate her, both on her promotion and appointment.

A New Chancellor

The Army wheels have revolved, and once more brought Major McAmmond into a position different to any he has occupied before. He is getting used to tackling new work by this time. Only the other day he celebrated his 20th Anniversary of entering the old Yorkville Training Garrison.

Major Waugh, of Winnipeg, who presided at the welcome meeting to Commissioner Sowton

These devoted workers are deserving of our best thanks, and we are always glad to honour them with a place on our Far Page. This week we print the photo of two of Owen Sound's Boomers—Sisters Mrs. E. McIntosh and Mrs. W. McMillan. God bless them in their efforts to extend the Kingdom by means of selling "The Cry."

The number of Army Bandsmen enlisting for active service is constantly increasing. It is estimated that eighteen hundred are already with the colours. These are mostly from British Corps, but Canada has contributed her share. Probably every Band in the Territory has lost one or two of its members, and in some instances, many more, through

the ready response to the call, "Your King and Country Need You."

The photo on this page of the soldier in khaki is that of one more of the gallant fellows who have gone to the front—Bandsman Barrie, of Montreal, IV. It is noteworthy, however, that our men prefer to enlist in some corps that is devoted to alleviating human suffering, rather than taking up the grim task of shooting men down. Our comrade has gone with The Army Medical Corps, therefore. May God go with him, and help him to bind up broken hearts as well as bandage wounded bodies.

at the busy

THE WAR CRY

PARS about INTERESTING PEOPLE



Major Dobney
Appointed Women's Social Secretary for Canada West



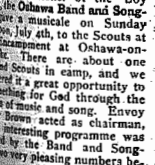
Major McAmmond
Chancellor of Toronto Division



Mayor Waugh, of Winnipeg,
Who presided at the welcome meeting to Commissioner Sowton



Bandsman Barrie, Montreal, IV.



Bandsman Barrie, Montreal, IV.

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Letters to the Editor

"The War Cry" in the West
Dear Editor,—You will pardon me; I know, for taking some of your valuable time. But I do want to congratulate you upon the excellency of "The War Cry." As a "War Cry" Boomer in a Western city, I get the opinion of many men and women concerning this paper, and it is very encouraging to hear them say, "it's getting better every week."

It has been a real pleasure to me, as a Boomer, to open "The Cry" to the articles on "Conscience," "The Unchanged Poison," and "Can Bad Men Be Born Again Good?" and receive a promise from different business men that they would read them. Such reading as that cannot help but be a blessing and an inspiration.

Then, again, your continued story—"On the Brink"—has helped me wonderfully in securing numbers of regular customers among the lady stenographers in the different offices. One young lady told me she bought "The Cry" for the story, but had read it from cover to cover, and received a great blessing to her soul. Hallelujah! I also have several old gentlemen who look for that story as regular as they do their evening paper. Thank you for the continued story. Wishing you every success. I remain,

"A 'War Cry' Boomer."

THE WAY OF SALVATION

Perhaps you are wondering how you should seek Salvation. You have perchance read much of the "The War Cry," and are yet saying to yourself, "Oh, that I, too, could be saved!" If so, this message is for you.

First, realize you need Salvation, to lose God for that. If you are to repent, and to forsake sins, and to obey His voice, you can go to Him with the certainty that your confession will meet with His forgiveness; and that through faith in the Atonement of Jesus Christ you will be made conscious of God's pardoning love. And with the new birth will begin a new life.

CONSECrated CHARACTER

What the world needs above all else to-day is consecrated character, and that is just what service in small things shows. Great services reveal our possibilities. Small services reveal our consecration.

It is the motive, it is the spirit, and not the greatness of the consequences, that make things great with God. The smallest act is great if done for Him. The greatest act is small if done for self. Serve and suspect thy judgment.

God can bring the glory of a consecrated character out of that countless multitude of little deeds that form our life.

FIDELITY UNTO DEATH

Fidelity to purpose, to principle, to obligation, to trust, costs dearly. It is faithfulness "unto death"; death to low purposes, and all untrustworthiness. Christians of yesterday died for the truth; Christians of to-day live for it, and give their lives in service.

Working His Way Up

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE CAREER OF ENSIGN ERNEST PUGMIRE

THE appointment of Ensign Ernest Pugmire to the Financial Department of Canada West bears out the statement once made by a prominent London gentleman that a Headquarters of the Salvation Army is the finest training ground a young man could desire, if he aimed at gaining a thorough business education. It also demonstrates the fact that the Leaders of The Army are quite willing to place comparatively young Officers in positions of great responsibility provided they take the pains to qualify themselves for such positions, and at the same time manifest the true Army spirit.

The trouble with a good many people is that their ambitions are much greater than their abilities.

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THE WAY OF SALVATION

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First, realize you need Salvation, to lose God for that. If you are to repent, and to forsake sins, and to obey His voice, you can go to Him with the certainty that your confession will meet with His forgiveness; and that through faith in the Atonement of Jesus Christ you will be made conscious of God's pardoning love. And with the new birth will begin a new life.

CONSECrated CHARACTER

What the world needs above all else to-day is consecrated character, and that is just what service in small things shows. Great services reveal our possibilities. Small services reveal our consecration.

It is the motive, it is the spirit, and not the greatness of the consequences, that make things great with God. The smallest act is great if done for Him. The greatest act is small if done for self. Serve and suspect thy judgment.

God can bring the glory of a consecrated character out of that countless multitude of little deeds that form our life.

FIDELITY UNTO DEATH

Fidelity to purpose, to principle, to obligation, to trust, costs dearly. It is faithfulness "unto death"; death to low purposes, and all untrustworthiness. Christians of yesterday died for the truth; Christians of to-day live for it, and give their lives in service.

direct him into the path of Officer-ship. When his parents were stationed at St. John, N.B., Ernest went out to attend the Junior Meetings. The Young People's Sergeant-Major—now Adjutant Hargrove of Brantford—took a great interest in the boy, and Ernest owes it largely to his faithful dealing that he got definitely converted at the early age of ten years.

Two years later the Pugmires moved to Toronto, and Ernest attended the Lippincott Street Corps. Here the Bandmaster took an interest in him, and taught him how to play the scales on a brass instrument. That was his commencement as a musician. That he later became an expert player and an instructor he owes to his own persistent practice and his association with the Staff Band.

When thirteen years of age he went to Headquarters as a Junior Clerk. This was a rather trying period in his life. His duties consisted of writing very definite to him at the time, sticking on stamps, running messages, and copying figures in a big book. For all this he received the handsome remuneration of one dollar and fifty cents per week.

Though he had, at this time, an ambition to get on in a general sort of way, it had not yet been directed into any particular channel. Having nothing very definite to aim at, therefore, he was in danger of settling down in the rut of routine work and getting nowhere.

But from this fate he was rescued by his good friend, Colonel Gaskin, who was then Field Secretary. The Colonel took him into his own office, and sought to find out what he was best adapted for.

"How would you like to learn shorthand, Ernest?" he asked him one day.

"I should like it all right, sir, if I had some one to teach me," replied the lad.

Thereupon Staff-Captain Easton was asked to give him an hour's instruction in the art of shorthand every day until he became proficient at it.

The Colonel also took great pains to fire the lad with a proper ambition, and on many occasions had a serious talk to him, pointing out his faults in a kind way and suggesting how he could overcome them. Ernest woke up to the fact that there was a splendid future before him in the Salvation Army. Here he was, would only apply himself diligently to self-improvement and master something that would make him of use. He started to attend night school in order to obtain a general business training, and burned much midnight oil in his various studies.

In the years that followed—the years when the mind is most receptive—Ernest learned much, and, when on the threshold of young manhood, he was confronted with what seemed to him then, the problem of his life. Here he was, fully equipped for a career in the business world. Should he go that way or devote his time and talents to Army Officer-ship?

Worldly prospects were alluring, but he finally chose the path of Officer-ship, feeling that he had a definite call from God. His parents were, naturally, delighted to see of his choice, and just before he entered the Training College, his father said to him:—

"Ernest, your mother and I are very thankful to God that you have thus chosen to walk in the path we

(Continued on Page 15)

HAMILTON BRIDGE

A man in the town of Hamilton, Ontario, who had been a soldier in the Salvation Army, was recently elected to the position of Mayor of the town. He is a man of great energy and ability, and his election is a great credit to the Army.

A Soldier of a town in Ontario, who had been a soldier in the Salvation Army, was recently elected to the position of Mayor of the town. He is a man of great energy and ability, and his election is a great credit to the Army.

"I have called you, you are a man of great energy and ability, and your election is a great credit to the Army."

"I am very sorry, sir, but I am not a man of great energy and ability, and my election is a great credit to the Army."

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INTERNATIONAL INTELLIGENCE

OPENING EYE HOSPITAL.

JAVAS MEMORIAL TO THE ARMY'S FOUNDER

Message from The General.—Congratulations from the Governor.

The following cable, reporting the opening of the Seniarang (Java) Hospital, which has been erected in memory of The Army's Founder, has been received:—

"The opening was a magnificent event, and was attended by a large and brilliant assembly."

Lieut.-Colonel De Groot directed the proceedings, and the President gave a stirring address, which included the reading of a congratulatory message from the Governor-General. The Chief Medical Inspector paid a warm eulogy to Staff-Captain (Dr.) Wille's work.

"In a message which was sent in the afternoon to the fact that Java was one of the very few fields not visited by our Founder, but that nevertheless his spirit has found its way among you."

"The General went on to say: 'Do we not see to-day in the work carried on by The Salvation Army, and in particular in the work directed by Dr. and Mr. Wille in association with these buildings, evidence of the presence in your midst of the like compassion for the suffering and the like love for his fellows and for his God which were the strength of his life?'"

"At the inspection of the building the public were delighted and surprised at the situation, size, beauty, and modernness of the Institution."

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COMMANDER BOOTH

REVIEWS THE LIFE-SAVING SCOUTS

First Encampment Great Success

More than one hundred Life-Saving Scouts were recently under canvas near the Cherry Tree Home at Spring Valley. The failure of the motor truck, which was the supply train and the conveyance for the smaller boys, lengthened the hike to undue proportions, and brought the Scouts to their camp several hours late, but not too late for the boys to destroy a bushel of cabbage and another of potatoes, with a side of corned beef.

Colonel Margate, the Scout Superintendent, visited the camp for the first week-end, and in his meetings twenty-eight of the boys knelt at the Mercy Seat.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Life-Saving Scouts in America, Commander Evangelist Booth, was the guest of honour on Independence Day. The weather man was not careful of our feelings in the morning, and the torrential rains threatened to spoil what we had hoped would be a supremely enjoyable day. It was not long after noon, however, when at once the clouds parted, our Commander appeared on the scene, and our hopes revived.

The marching and counter-marching of the troops as they manoeuvred before the Commander, was most creditable, especially in view of the fact that they had received no united training.

The Commander also officiated at the trooping of colours just as the sun was setting in glory, and then as a special treat presented to each Scout a box of candy. A splendid display of fireworks closed the busy day.

STAFF CHANGES IN U.S.A.

BRIGADIER DAVIS TO BE THE TRAINING COLLEGE PRINCIPAL IN CHICAGO.

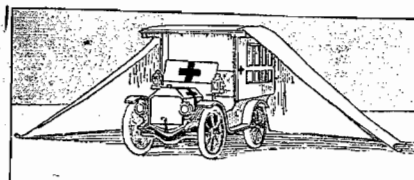
Simultaneously with the general change of Field Officers taking place during the month of July in the Department of the West (U.S.A.), Brigadiers Brewer and Davis are under orders to farewell from their respective commands—i.e., the Western Training Colleges and the Chicago City Division.

Brigadier Brewer relinquishes the Principality of the Training Colleges, being appointed to the important position of Young People's Secretary for the Territory.

Brigadier Davis succeeds to the Principality of the Western Colleges.

We congratulate these our comrades upon their new and important appointments, and bespeak for each of them the hearty cooperation of their comrades in all parts of the Territory.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." "When ever our neighbour's house is on fire," said Burke, "it cannot be amiss for the engines to play a little upon our own." Better to be despised for too anxious apprehension than ruined by too confident a security."



One of the Australian Ambulance Cars, with side tent curtains in position

peeted suddenness at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London.

Mrs. Glover, for whom and family sincere sympathy will be felt throughout a wide circle of Salvationists, was at her husband's bedside at the last, and Colonel Pearce, of the Foreign Office, was also with the old commander during his closing moments. According to present arrangements, the funeral will take place at the Congress Hall.

NEWS FROM FRANCE

SALVATION ARMY WORK STILL GOES FORWARD

All-Day Bombardment of Rheims

From the current issue of the French "War Cry" we take the following interesting paragraphs:—

"Adjutant Carrel, of Rheims, gives good news, and speaks of meetings always better frequented and blessed from on High. The faithful work of the Officers at Rheims during the tragic events which have happened in that unhappy city has, without doubt, produced a profound impression, both on the soldiers and on the civil population. The following fact is a proof of this."

"Whilst the Officers were out walking they met a small contingent of soldiers. As soon as the chief saw the Officers he came towards the Adjutant and thanked her for all the good that they had done for his soldiers, and assured her that he would never forget it."

"A letter from Sergeant Denis Issartier says: 'For two months now I have been here. What things I have seen during that time! At the beginning I was at the rear, but for some time now my battalion has been in the line of fire, and already several of those who came with me have been killed or wounded.'"

"As for me, I am still intact, thanks to God. The Lord has miraculously preserved me. What I have seen while I have been under fire has only increased my faith and confidence in God. He keeps those who commit themselves to Him. On Thursday last I was in the trenches with my section, when suddenly a shell fell before us, killing or wounding eighteen soldiers. There were only four or five who were not hurt."

"This means that the four cars with side curtains down would practically form a hospital."

This improvement is the outcome of a suggestion made by Colonel Dr. Hetherington, Medical Military Director-General, and it is interesting to note that The Salvation Army Ambulances are the first to be so fitted. Each Car is equipped with a water tank, complete medical chest, and a cupboard for extra stretchers.

PROMOTION TO GLORY OF

BRIGADIER N. GLOVER

The following paragraph concerning the promotion to Glory of Brigadier N. Glover, for some time in charge of our Work in New Zealand, is taken from the latest "War Cry." He died with unex-



Motor Ambulances for the Front

Presented by Salvationists and friends of Australia for the use of the Commonwealth Forces

Some Important Staff Changes

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska, by The Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert St., Toronto.

Speak and act in the spirit of the words "Thy will be done," and all will come right.

And our very needs draw attention to the same thing. Take, for example, some of the special claims which have in one form or other been before me during the last week or so. Medical men are most urgently needed in our Hospital Work, especially in India and the East generally. Officers for extension of purely Spiritual work are required to seize the wonderful opportunities open to us in certain parts of the world—India, for instance, for South Africa, others for Training Work in several countries. Others for pioneer work in China; others for Staff work and oversight in India; and others again for Corps work, for the care of the Young People; for the Social Operations in the United Kingdom. Money is needed for Schools and Training-Homes, especially in parts of Asia and Africa; for the development of our Missionary enterprise, particularly in the Central Africa, India, and in Manchuria; for the extension of Industrial Education in the Madras Presidency and in the Punjab; for the pressing on of the

"She thought a moment. 'I think I should say: If you can see, you would give. If you could see the heathen people, and particularly the lovely children, now growing up under good influences, to whom the Army has carried the Gospel; if you could see from what human roots of idolatry and devil-worship they have sprung; if you could see the miracle Christ alone has wrought in them, you would give, not what you could easily give, but what

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up at present any definite responsibilities; and we are glad that it has been possible to make this appointment.

In the West, as already mentioned, Brigadier and Mrs. Green are travelling from the British Columbia Division, and, after a month's tour, will take an appointment in the East. Meanwhile Brigadier and Mrs. McLean are faring westward.

(Concluded on Page 11.)

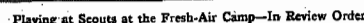
A Troop of Toronto Life-Saving Scouts

Along towards three o'clock in the afternoon the bugles sounded, and all the Scouts promptly took cover, with the exception of the Colour-bearers and their guard, who went to meet the Commissioners and other Officers who accompanied them; Not a Scout was to be seen when the Commissioners arrived at the meeting base, but suddenly a piercing

Commissioner Richards then addressed the Scouts, saying that he was very pleased with their appearance. He urged them to faithfully carry out their Scout Pledge, and strive to be useful to all about them, especially to the old and feeble and those who need help.

"In the Christian warfare you will slip and fall now and again, but you must get up and go on. Whenever you are tempted to give up—keep battling on; keep going on."

The day wound up with a game of despatch-carrying, into which the Scouts entered with zest. Then they marched back to West Toronto, with Band playing and colours flying, a tired, but happy, lot of Scouts.



(Concluded on Page 11.)

WESTERN CANADA
WELCOMES LEADERS

(Continued from Page 3.)

ness and efforts for the glory of God, and the extension of His Kingdom in the West.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S MEETING

A splendid crowd of Officers, Soldiers, and friends gathered in the Winnipeg 1. Citadel on Saturday evening, July 10th, to welcome the new Territorial Leaders. It was a joyous occasion, and the pent-up enthusiasm of every heart burst forth as Commissioner Lamb and the new Territorial Leaders appeared upon the platform—the entire audience rising, and volley after volley resounding through the building.

Brigadier McLean, the Divisional Commander, lined out the opening song, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs, with angels round the Throne," and the grand old song, with its stirring chorus of "Hallelujah to the Lamb," gave the audience a splendid opportunity of lifting voice and heart in praise and thanksgiving. Staff-Captain Peacock led the gathering to the Throne in prayer. "Our hearts are very thankful, and we do indeed say 'Hallelujah!'" prayed the Staff-Captain, and every heart responded "Amen!"

After a brief introductory talk by Commissioner Lamb, and a few minutes of bright testimony and song, in which an opportunity was given for a number of comrades in the audience to bear testimony and express their welcome to the Commissioners, the International Secretary presented Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton to the assembly.

"The General's gift to the West, and they are your very own," said Commissioner Lamb, and the magnificent reception which the Commissioners received evidenced the fact that not only the General's gift to the West fully appreciated, but that already Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton had won their way into the hearts of the people.

"Ever since we have set foot in Winnipeg," said Mrs. Sowton, "it has been 'Welcome!' and 'God bless you!' on every hand. The Soldiers are the key of the situation, and we have come here to tell you on. You can help us by your co-operation." Commissioner Sowton stated that this was his third visit to Winnipeg, "Thank God," said the Commissioner, amidst hearty applause.

The Commissioner's earnest and searching address reached every heart. "Yes, you may know Him as your Sanctifier by letting Him take complete possession of your heart and cleanse you from all sin," said the Commissioner; "God grant that many in this meeting may take that step to-night."

The prayer meeting was piloted by Lieut.-Colonel Turner, and two songs made their way to the Mercy Seats.

IMPRESSIONS OF COUNCILS

By Adjutant Bristow
For enthusiasm and spiritual freedom! Friday's welcome Councils were a record-breaker. The Commissioners captured every heart with their words of wisdom and advice. This has been a time of blessing and inspiration that will live in every mind that was present. The welcome received by the Commissioners eclipsed anything I have ever seen. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Turner received a great ovation, demonstrating the love and high esteem in which they are held. These welcome gatherings have been a time of refreshing and power, the influ-

Fresh-Air Camp at Clarksons

HAS BEEN OPENED FOR THE SUMMER, AND NOW SHELTERS 76 SMALL BOYS AND GIRLS—SAVING FAMILIES AND LIVES

On Tuesday last (says the "Star Weekly") The Salvation Army's Fresh-Air Fairland at Clarksons opened for the season, and the grown-ups are dizzy yet. The big farm on the lake shore, surrounded with trees, flowers, and raspberry patches, to say nothing of apple trees, was inundated with boys and girls from the city. There were 37 boys and 39 girls, all anywhere from six months to twelve years, but most of them between eight and twelve. They were gathered from the dustiest and tidiest part of Toronto's asphalt, and their very souls were thirsty for Mother Nature. They didn't quite put it that way, of course. Expressed in chorus their opinion was "Gee!" After which, twenty minutes from their arrival at the Clarkson station, and the giddy hayrack ride down the winding brown country road, they were all paddling. They just naturally took to that big blue lake like so many ducklings to water. It was dinner time and the anxious volunteer cooks, seeing their art about to be spoiled by waiting, issued orders for the recall of the ducklings.

Ate as if Famished

"We got them in," said one of them, "and they ate that first dinner have famished all winter. It brought tears to our eyes. Then exactly one hour after dinner to the minute, they were all in bathing."

ence of which will undoubtedly be felt throughout the Territory.

By Adjutant Meritt

If the unanimity manifested throughout the whole day's Councils can be accepted as an indication of the spirit in which the inauguration of the Fairland as a separate Command is received by the Officers, Locals, and Soldiers, then there need be no misgivings as to the success of the venture. In all the years of my connection with The Salvation Army, I have never witnessed a more sincere and unanimous welcome than was extended to Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Turner, and the other announced members of the Territorial Staff. If "Unity is strength," then the perpetuation of the Fairland that prevailed in all that is required to ensure the development of this Western Territorial "baby" into a robust, healthy "giant" in the near future; or I am no prophet!

PERSONALIA

TERRITORIAL

By Adjutant Bristow
The death of Mrs. Jacobs conducted the services at the Whitey, Prisco, Fagan, last Sunday.

Lieut.-Colonel Margrave informs us that the last Candidates Council all twenty-four new Candidates were accepted, thus bringing the total up to over one hundred. The prospects for the new Training Session seem very bright.

Brigadier Morris has lately received several letters from Adjutant Robinson, our Chaplain with the 20th Battalion, C. E. F., asking him to locate the wives and families of soldiers at the front, and see to their welfare. This indicates that the

Poor, dusty city children. They've been seeing that lake for weeks past and thirsting for it. Lake Ontario isn't exactly hot as yet this summer but not one of them could be held back. They squealed and turned rosy and laughed the happy laughter of childhood, and came out glowing all over their thin little bodies, to be rubbed down and then play in the fields till supper-time.

Do you want to know some of the happy seventy-six? Well, there are Lily and her small sister and two brothers. Just a week ago her father was arrested, and within forty-eight hours her mother and the family were evicted from their home. So The Army picked up the four children and carried them away to the lake, leaving mother free-handed to build her home again, with aid, of course.

Never Seen the Country

There is Louise of fourteen, who has been sick in bed all winter, and must be carried to the train. She had a small sister of eight who is as large as Louise, but both of them are hungry and neither of these two have ever seen the country yet. Their father lost his place last December, and has been hunting work ever since. He has now gone to England to get work in a shell factory, and the family are getting four dollars a week to live on. To add to their afflictions, the plucky little mother is deaf and cannot get much work.

Adjutant is finding many opportunities of helping the men, and is actively interesting himself in all that concerns their temporal and spiritual well-being.

Ensign Simpson, son of Colonel Simpson, Governor of the Haldough Farm Colony (Eng.), is accompanying Commissioner Lamb on his visit to this country, as his private secretary.

Captains Kimmins and Milton, military Chaplains, have now got into regimental uniform.

Captain Carter, of the Immigration Department, T.H.Q., and Mrs. Captain Jones have been transferred to Canada West.

Adjutant and Mrs. Wiseman have farewelled from Picton, and will visit old comrades in Newfoundland before taking a new appointment.

Captain and Mrs. Weeks have been appointed to Picton; Captain Johnson to Port Hope; Captain Friessen to Summerside, and Captain Caplan to Digby.

Captain Violet Henderson has been transferred to Canada West.

NEW OFFICERS WELCOMED

Last week-end being the welcome meetings of Lieutenant Ashby and Lieutenant Rowland to Lingwood, we had some roasting times. Crowds and finances were good. We are looking forward to some real good times of blessing and success. Things are looking good in Lisleford for The Army.

The "Kington Standard" says: "The manner in which The Salvation Army Band plays is certainly a great credit to it. The playing of that fine old English song, 'The Angels are looking good in Lisleford,' at one of its recent performances was a 'great treat.'"

PROMOTED TO CAPTAIN

Broader Aspirations
After suffering for several years from cancer, Bro. Adams has passed away to his reward on July 1st. Our loss was, before the news of his death, a member of the band, and he proved himself to be a most reliable and capable man. He had been laid out on the 10th of July.



Bro. Adams

so long a time, his influence was felt. He had the copy of the terrible pain and agony, he was enquiring as to how the War was going. And just as reserves were being brought from England, he passed on the 10th of July. He was laid out on the 10th of July.

The last word our comrades heard to utter was "Jesus and I tried to sing the Chorus, 'The Blood of Jesus cleanses whosoever will.'"

The funeral procession, which was very impressive, was held by the Band, which rendered the "March in Saul." He was buried on the side of his little boy, who was killed by a horse two years ago.

In the memorial service on Sunday evening, Corporal Secretary, Sister Miller, and Adjutant Jones made touching references to the life of our deceased comrade, and testified to the peace and encouragement they had received through him. Three songs were sung, and found Salvation. We pray that God will watch over the life of the person who has been left in his loss.—A. H. Smith, Corp. Secy.

Sister Mrs. Russ, Port Hope
The death of Mrs. Russ, Port Hope, our midst one of the sweetest and most devoted of God's servants. She was a member of the A.S. Band of Port Hope Corps. She passed away suddenly at the Port Hope Hospital on Monday morning, June 1st. Although a woman, she was a member of the Corps, but to those who are strangers to God. Her mind was so clear that she was able to do many things. Although we shall all miss her smiling face in the Corps, we have the assurance that she will be with the blessed and redeemed.

Heaven.
Cross to take up the crown, and dwell in the Mansion of glory.

We gave her a real Army funeral, and on the following day, a memorial service was held.

(Continued on page 13)

NEWS NOTES and COMMENTS

CROP CREATES PROBLEM

THE promise of the biggest wheat crop in Canada's history adds a new importance to the shortage of ocean tonnage. The withdrawal of the large steamships from Canadian service by purchase of a member of the Admiralty has been causing serious injury to the country. To some extent, the situation. To some extent, the situation. To some extent, the situation.

There are still being made to the number of ships in the fleet. It is probable that the time the wheat is ready to be shipped. This will mean that the elevator capacity of the Dominion is taxed to an unprecedented extent. As the elevator capacity of the country has been greatly increased, however, this will doubtless be the situation.

ENDING THE BRITISH ARMY

ONE idea of the gigantic task before the British Army Service Corps may be gathered when it is known that two thousand tons of supplies are sent every day to the front of the British Army.

Mr. Harold Begbie) comes almost entirely from England, for we are buying in France, even so would otherwise. He had his passage on the ill-fated ship of Ireland, but some time ago he was out of the fighting.

Every day by motor lorry and railway truck supplies for the troops went out from these basic depots. The stores as near as possible to the front. And just as reserves were accumulated in the docks, so which came to him peacefully. The passing of our comrades was a great loss to the army.

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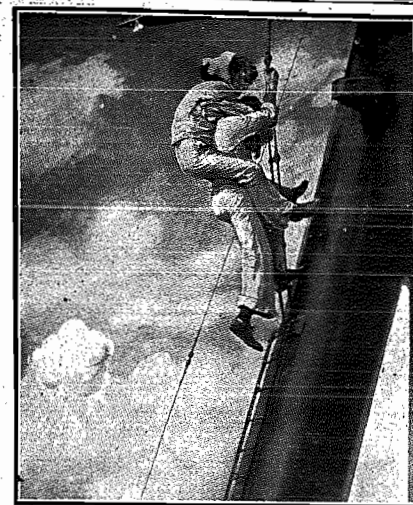
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(Continued on page 13)



A Brave Deed After the Foretop of the Inflexible was Hit During the Dardanelles Operations

Just after the foretop of the Inflexible was hit by a Turkish shell during the Dardanelles operations, it was found to be a matter of great difficulty to get the wounded from their elevated position. Projectiles were whistling all round when an A.B. was observed to be carrying a wounded comrade on his back, step by step, down the rungs attached to the leg of the tripod. This act was repeated by another A.B., who, in a similar fashion, carried a comrade down to safety. The task of climbing into a control top is never a very easy one, owing to the state of the rungs, which are apt to get covered with greasy soot, deposited by the smoke from the funnels of the battleship, which in certain winds envelop these upper portions of the tripod.

favourable with the liquor people. He said:—

"You have a personal right to drink watered milk, soup milk, skim milk, goat's milk, or pig's milk; but I have no right to sell it. I recall that in late life my father was troubled with indigestion. He was ordered by his physician to a milk diet for breakfast, and he was not able to retain it in its natural state. He was obliged to dilute it with water. He could fill his glass half full of milk and fill it up with water. It agreed with his stomach and he grew to like it that way. That was my personal liberty at his own table. No law would invade his home and dictate to him how he should drink his milk."

DOUBTFUL CHAMPIONS

SOME people are wondering why the "wets" always get an "ex-preacher," some fellow who has been kicked out of the ministry, discredited and outcast, to speak for them when a local option campaign is on, says an American temperance journal.

It is because they cannot find a minister in good standing, or a doctor, or a lawyer, or a business man, to talk in favour of the saloons.

Now it is the "Ex-Rev." Jake Meeker, who is down and out as a preacher, a man who ridicules the Church, lambasts Christians, and twists the teachings of the Bible to serve the saloon, to whom the wets are turning as their Moses to lead them into the promised land of free rum and big profits out of drunkenness.

HARD TRAINING

THE training of the Italian soldiery is a more severe one than that of any soldier in Europe. His day begins at 4.30 a.m., and drill and routine continue, with a two-hour break of "compulsory repose" until 5 p.m. After that he has four hours of freedom, but must be back in the barracks by nine (or 8.30 in winter), and is supposed to be abed, when, half an hour later, the bugles sound

PERSONAL LIBERTY

TEMPERANCE lecturer in Alberta, in the course of an address, illustrated the argument of personal liberty, which is such a

nality; very much upset by the outbreak of the war last year. Those in charge of the movement, however, decided not to abandon the programme altogether, and so a greatly-modified celebration took place on February, 1915, the centenary of the ratification of the famous Treaty of Ghent.

That aspect of the plans which contemplated public rejoicing had to be postponed, but those portions—the larger portions, it should be said—of the plans, which laid emphasis on education and on the cultivation of a reasonable frame of mind in the conduct of international relations are being prosecuted.

The public rejoicings are only postponed, and the organizations formed to carry out the commemorative work of preparation and education, so that when the war is over and victory has crowned the British and allied forces, fitting festivities might be held. These festivities are likely to be all the more impressive in view of the fact that we shall be celebrating not only the conclusion of a century of peace with our neighbours, but the overthrow of those forces which have, for so many years, menaced the peace of the whole world.

The public celebrations of this triumph of reasonableness and goodwill should be one of the earliest events after the conclusion of the present dreadful struggle. The Canadian Peace Centenary Association, and its corresponding body in the United States, the American Peace Centenary Committee, have made all the necessary preparations, and it is to be hoped that their work will be crowned with success.

STRANGE BURIAL SERVICE

THE burial service among the Andaman Islanders is strange indeed. It is the custom of the islanders to drop the bodies of their parents into the sea at the end of ropes and leave them there until nothing remains but the bones, which they then gather and hang from the roofs of their huts. It is a common custom for a relative to sit by the hour and watch the bones of some relative. This is the way they have of showing their love and respect.

Bodies are treated in this fashion so that the evil spirits cannot tease and pinch them. All that is left are the dried bones, and these are placed high so that if the evil spirits wander into the huts they will have a hard time to find them. If a bone is carried away, it is said that the spirit has been sold, and this means that some terrible calamity will befall the family.

CARELESS SETTLERS: FIRES

THE loss to Canada through forest fires runs into the millions. The loss must be laid at the door of careless settlers. Scores of cases could be cited where a settler, often innocent of any harmful intention, started a fire in his property to provide for a hundred dollar crop, and ended up with destroying scores of thousands (and in one case three millions) of dollars' worth of timber.

It is asserted by expert forest engineers that while railway and lumber companies can greatly reduce the risk to the forests from locomotive sparks and the debris that follows cutting operations, immediate steps must be taken by the Provincial Governments to curb the evil of settlers' fires.

PEACE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

THE plans for a great celebration of the hundred years of peace between the British Empire and the United States were, unfortunately,

ON THE BRINK.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG COUNTRY GIRL'S ADVENTURE IN A BIG CITY

CHAPTER X.

HARD UP AGAINST IT

HOT and tired, Elsie sat resting in the hotel kitchen, hoping that it was near dinner time. Her diet at home consisted chiefly of bread and butter and weak tea, and the appetizing smells of the dainty viands brought home to her the fact that she was very hungry.

The cook happened to be away for the moment, but as soon as she returned and spied the girl sitting down she burst into a torrent of invective.

"What, squatting down again!" she called out angrily. "No wonder the good piles up in this place. The lazy, good-for-nothing sluts the missus has taken on lately fairly make me sick."

"This is the first time I have sat down this morning," said Elsie, "and as I have done all you told me to, and am very tired, I don't see why I shouldn't rest a minute or two."

"Oh, so you're another of the impudent ones, are you?" retorted the cook, who had evidently had a bad quarter of an hour with the missus and meant to take it out on someone else. "You haven't done half your work yet, young woman, let me tell you," she continued. "Look at all those dirty pans in the corner. Get up and go and scrape them out and then wash them perfectly clean. I don't stand for no loafing around here. You'll have to earn your money or get out."

But Elsie wasn't going to be sat on like that. "Here, you just mind who you're talking to," she retorted. "I've put up with all I'm going to from you. If you want those dirty old pans scraped you can do 'em yourself. I'm through with this mucky old job if I have to take orders from an old crank like you."

And throwing off her apron she walked out of the kitchen. Seeking out the mistress Elsie told her about what happened.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said the woman. "I can never keep a girl five minutes on account of cook's overbearing manner. Try and put up with her for to-day, for I have no one else to do the washing up."

"Well, you must tell her not to interfere with me any more, then," said Elsie. "I'm willing to work, but I won't be ordered about like a slave."

The mistress descended to the kitchen, and, after a good deal of argument, got the cook to promise that she would treat Elsie a bit better.

"Them sort of girls has to be kept in their proper place, mum," said the cook; "or there'd be no getting 'em to do anything. However, if you says so, I'll not say another word to the impudent hussy. If you want to pay girls for loafing around when they should be working, that's your concern, and not mine."

So a truce was patched up in the kitchen, and Elsie consented to continue her work. If she were not bullied. For the rest of the day the cook feigned not to notice her at all.

one of the waitresses telling her what should be done.

After dinner there was another big pile of dishes to wash, and Elsie did not get through till about four o'clock. Then she had to assist in cleaning up the kitchen, and by the time that was done the supper dishes were beginning to come down for washing. It was eight o'clock before the girl was free to go home.

"Now you must be here at six to-morrow morning," said the mistress, "and I shall want you to stay here altogether in future instead of going home at nights. There is a bed in the attic you can have, so make arrangements to have your trunk brought here."

"Yes, ma'am," said Elsie. "Good night."

She had no money and no car tickets, so the only thing for her to do was to walk all the way home. It was three miles, and never did the city seem so big to the tired girl as she wearily dragged her way along the pavements. Her anxiety to see Rosie and tell her about the day's happenings was the main motive for her going home. Otherwise she might have stayed at the hotel.

"Oh, you poor dear! why, you look tired almost to death. Where ever have you been all this while? I was getting quite anxious about you."

It was Rosie who was speaking, as Elsie entered their little room. "I'm awful tired, Rosie," said Elsie, sinking down on the bed, "after the hardest day's work I've ever done in my life. I've had to walk at least three miles home. Oh, I feel fairly done up!"

She then related to her friend all

the happenings of the day, and the latter laughed again; and again as Elsie mimicked the employment agent, the mistress, and the cook.

"Well, I'm glad you've got something to do," said Rosie. "But it's a pity you had to spend that dollar. I'll have to live on dry bread for the rest of the week now."

"That's too bad," said Elsie. "I must try and save something for you out of my meals. We get splendid food there, that's one good thing about the job. And seven dollars a week with board and lodging isn't so bad, is it; even if the work is hard and disagreeable? Well, I'll try and stick it for a month, at any rate."

But in spite of her resolution, Elsie found herself unable to rise next morning, though she made a brave attempt to do so. Only recently recovered from illness, the long hours and the hard work in the hot scullery, and the tiring walk home in the cool night air had completely exhausted her strength.

So she lay listlessly in bed all that day, hot and feverish and aching in every joint. Towards evening she felt somewhat better, and was able to get up and prepare some tea for herself and Rosie, when the latter returned from work.

"I can't go back to that wretched place, Rosie," said Elsie, "that sort of work would kill me in less than no time. I must try and get something else to do."

"Well, you can't afford to pay any more dollars for jobs," said Rosie. "Nobody squeezes another greenback out of this chicken for a job," said Elsie. "And, by the way, I guess I can't afford to do that hotel. I'm going after it to-morrow, if I feel



"Hot and tired, Elsie sat resting in the hotel kitchen."

able to do it. I'll have something to do to-morrow."

"Perhaps the old man will manage to get it for you," said Rosie. "On the whole, I think it's better than the other, though the old man is a bit of a scoundrel, explained why she returned to the old man's place."

"Oh, but I expect the day's pay, and the old man's claim on me for supplying the woman, you must remember."

"Perhaps I haven't managed to get it for you, but I'll try and get it for you, and not let you go without it. We are doing quite right. It's your old scullery. And the old man's claim on me for supplying the woman, you must remember."

"Oh, is that so? Well, I'll try and get it for you, and not let you go without it. We are doing quite right. It's your old scullery. And the old man's claim on me for supplying the woman, you must remember."

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THE WAR CRY

15

another place, and out with me heart, I'll say. But he was sagacious enough to realize that the stern discipline of the College was meant to benefit him, and accordingly he was benefitted.

Ernest emerged from Training, therefore, with a good many rough corners knocked off, and in a much more pliable frame of mind for being moulded into Officership. He was appointed to the Finance Department, and, under skillful tuition, was taught how to enter up and balance ledgers.

He took to this work as a duck takes to water. It was congenial to him, and suited his tastes for a systematic way of doing things. He instinctively felt that he had found the work he was adapted for, and he resolved to make it his life's work.

The study of accountancy occupied henceforth most of his time. Much more of the midnight oil was burned, or perhaps, to bring it up-to-date, we should say electric light. The late Brigadier Potter encouraged him greatly, and increased his responsibilities as he was able to shoulder them. He began to feel that he had an important and necessary work to do for God and the Army, and that a future of great usefulness lay before him.

In the year 1911 he still further strengthened the ties that bound him to the Army by marrying Captain Grace Vickers—a Field Officer. He has found in her that most precious of all man's possessions—a good, Godly wife, and her influence and counsel have helped him to persevere in the work God has called him to.

His merciful preservation from the wreck of the Empress of Ireland last year has made a deep impression on the Ensign, and he is more than ever resolved to be faithful to God and the Army.

"Well, have some in matters over," said Elsie, crying about it, you know, up now, and things may be for the better soon."

Elsie had a good plan, and she could go to a restaurant; could hire out girls, try some other means, any places were vacant, and she might get a chance that they might get as learners. All these things she had thought of, and she had decided on trying the last one, as offering the best chance of earning good money.

In the midst of their conversation they had a visitor. It was a young girl, and she was a friend of Elsie's. She was a young girl, and she was a friend of Elsie's. She was a young girl, and she was a friend of Elsie's.

"I've come to see if you're anything off the rent this week," said the young girl. "I've come to see if you're anything off the rent this week," said the young girl. "I've come to see if you're anything off the rent this week," said the young girl.

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It must not be supposed from what we have said that the Ensign is so completely immersed in office work that he has time for naught else. When the opportunity comes he delights to do some Salvation fighting at a Corps. As a member of the Staff Band, he rendered splendid service, and, tatterly, as one of the Staff Songsters, he has done what he could to extend God's Kingdom.

During the greater part of the past year the Ensign has worked under the direction of Lieut.-Colonel Suction, who paid a high tribute to his ability and devotion when bidding him farewell, and expressed high hopes for his future career in the Army.

"The War Cry" congratulates the Ensign and his wife on their appointment, and wishes them well.

NOTES AND REFLECTIONS
(Continued from Page 8.)
would even hurt you to give. Here, in the children and young people, is the future of the East and the remote portions of the world, the world that grows smaller and nearer by inventions every week, and the people who will presently influence the world to a greater extent. Why should you not help to save souls now? There is no use in the grave for any money or possessions. Here is a living investment that will never cease to return blessings."

In a short "Foreword" to the little book I have set down some of the Reflections which have occurred to me when reading it. I venture to quote from one of them a word or two bearing on the character of the Workers of the Army—those who, day by day, at home or in the distant lands, carry on its great and noble endeavour for Christ often

without much earthly cheer or reward. It is for their support I need help.

These humble followers of Jesus Christ are, either consciously or unconsciously, setting Him forth again in the most practical aspects of His character. He was Heaven's great foreign Missionary—He was mankind's typical Neighbour, seeking the wounded and binding up their wounds—He was the Messenger of all that related to mercy and sympathy in the nature of God. . . .

"Well, it seems to me that the slight stories of love and devotion recorded in this small volume set forth the Salvationists concerned as being on the same path as their Master. They also have 'gone out' to the heathen and those afar off. That is the very essence of the missionary spirit. They have come down and left all, to help the broken and forgotten in life's battle, as true Neighbours."

When writing thus I desire also to ask the friends of The Army to remember us in prayer. It is surely not necessary to be a Salvationist in order to realize what an enormous burden it all involves upon me, upon Mrs. Booth, and upon our immediate helpers. The care of God's Work is the greatest of all cares, and only in God's strength can we carry it. Please, therefore, let the readers of these lines intercede for us, that we may have wisdom and courage, and that the larger material needs of The Army may also be aided.

Band Accessories.

Drum Heads, 32-inch for 28-inch Drum	\$3.25
Drum Heads, 34-inch for 30-inch Drum	\$3.75
Drum Heads, 36-inch for 32-inch Drum	\$4.25
Drum Sticks, similar to those used by the Staff Band, per pair	\$3.00
Side Drum Sticks, ebony, per pair	\$1.50
Buff Drum Braces, set of thirteen, per set	\$2.25
Brown Drum Braces, set of thirteen, per set	\$1.75
Italian Cord, white, per set	\$1.50



Silver-plated Lyres	\$1.00
Silver-plated Lyres, B slide trombone	\$1.50
Silver-plated Lyres, G slide trombone	\$1.75
Metronomes, with bell	\$3.50
Pocket Tape Metronomes	.25c
Coronet Mutes, bell shaped, brass	\$1.50
Coronet Mutes, bell shaped, silver-plated	\$2.50
Bandmaster's Batons, each 35c to	\$4.00

Silver-Plated Mouthpieces for:—

Coronet	\$1.25	Trombone	\$1.50
Tenor	\$1.25	E♭ Bass	\$1.75
Baritone	\$1.50	G Slide Trombone	\$1.75
Euphonium	\$1.75	Monstr Bass	\$2.00

Trade Department, James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

ARMY SONGS

I'M NOT EXHAUSTED YET!

SOLO
Tune.—I am happy all the day, 196.
There are folk who seem unhappy
as they tread the narrow way,
And their custom is to worry and
to fret!
Better think of all the blessings
poured upon us every day,
And the grace of God is not ex-
hausted yet.

Chorus
It is not exhausted yet! No, 'tis not
exhausted yet!
Jesus' wondrous grace is not ex-
hausted yet!
'Tis the power which extricated us
When fast in Satan's net,
Hallelujah! It is not exhausted yet!

There are trials and temptations
while we sojourn here below,
But we triumph when with cour-
age they are met;
Let us then in faith press onward,
bravely facing every foe,
For the grace of God is not ex-
hausted yet.

When dark clouds around us hover,
how He brightens up the way,
Speaking peace to those whose
minds on Him are set;
And He never will forsake us, come
or go whatever may,
For the grace of God is not ex-
hausted yet.

TRIM YOUR LAMP!

Tunes.—I will follow Thee, 144;
This is why I love, 159.
Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From His lighthouse evermore;
But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

Chorus
Let the lower lights be burning!
Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother,
Some poor seaman, tempest-
tossed,
Trying now to make the harbour,
In the darkness may be lost.

ALL FOR THREE

Tune.—N. B. B., 206.
Thine forever, Jesus,
Every hour I live;
All my body, spirit, soul,
Now to Thee I give.
Every beating pulse of mine,
Every fleeting breath,
All for Thee, my Jesus,
Thine I'll be till death.

Chorus
All for Thee, Lord Jesus,
Every breath, life or death;
All for Thee, Lord Jesus,
All I speak or do.

'Let me be Thy mouthpiece,
Warning men of hell!
Let me be Thy wondrous love,
To poor sinners tell.
All the talents I have got,
Though they be but small,
For Thy blessed service,
Help me use them all.

A SOLDIER, I WILL BE

Tunes.—Hark! listen to the, 35;
Ellacombe, 30.
Hark! listen to the trumpeters,
They sound for volunteers,
On Zion's bright and flowery mount,
Behold the officers!
Their horses white, their garments
bright,
With arrow and bow they stand,

Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march to Canaan's land.

It sets my heart all in a flame,
A soldier I will be;
I will enlist—gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.
They want no cowards in their band,
Who will their colours fly;
But call for valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

TWAS JESUS!

Tune.—He gave me joy.
Who, when sunk in deep despair,
Did His liberty declare,
Welcomed me His home to share?
'Twas Jesus!

Chorus
He gave me joy where once was woe,
Who, when in the darkest night,
Shed around me rays of light,
Healed my blindness, gave me sight?
'Twas Jesus!

Who, 'mid all my toil and care,
Helps me every grief to bear,
Keeps me happy everywhere?
'Tis Jesus!

I'LL TELL OF THY DYING

FOR ME
Tune.—When you and I were young,
Maggie.

I'm thinking to-day of Thy love,
Jesus,
The love so freely given;
Of how Thou didst come from
above, Jesus.

To bring us home to Heaven,
Thy coming to seek and to save,
Jesus,
The thorn, the spear, the tree;
My life and my all Thou shalt have,
Jesus,
I'll tell of Thy dying for me.

Chorus
I'll tell of Thy dying for me, Jesus.
I'll tell of Thy dying for me.
How Thy Blood Thou didst shed
for my sin, Jesus,
I'll tell of Thy dying for me.

I'm thinking to-day of the Cross,
Jesus,
The Cross and Calvary's hill.
Of how Thou didst drink of the
cup, Jesus,
The cup our sins did fill.
Of how Thou didst die in our stead,
Jesus,
Oh, how could such love ever be.
I'll tell of the blood Thou didst
shed, Jesus,
I'll tell of Thy dying for me.

I'm thinking to-day of the world,
Jesus,
The world Thou didst love so well;
The world that has gone far astray,
Jesus,
Oh! help me Thy love to tell.
With sadness and sin all around,
Jesus,
Oh! use me, dear Lord, even me;
To tell how Thy grace doth abound,
Jesus,
To tell of Thy dying for me.

[We published this song some
weeks ago, but regret that some lines
were omitted from the last verse.
This is the corrected version.—Ed.]

PROMOTED TO GLORY

(Continued from Page 12.)
by Lieutenant Thornton. Different
comrades spoke of her life as one of
blessing and brightness. Our loss,
we realize, is Heaven's gain.

Mrs. Ruse leaves to mourn her
loss a loving husband and two dear
children. Garnet, aged four, and a
baby, four weeks; also her aged par-
ents. Our prayers are that God will
bless and comfort those who are left
to mourn her loss.—S. M., Secretary.

WE ARE
Looking for You

We will search for missing persons in any part
of the globe, and, so far as possible, assist
them in obtaining citizenship. **COLONEL JACQUES**
JACQUES 200 Richmond Street West, Toronto,
Ontario. *See page 10.*

One letter should be sent with every case, where
possible, to help us in our work. In case of re-
fusal of citizenship, \$2.00.

Officers, Soldiers, and Friends are requested to
write to the Editor, regarding the Missing
Column, and to notify Colonel Jacques (if able to give
information concerning any case, always stating
name and number of case).

FRANCIS, ERNEST RICHARD, No. 10522.
Railway engineer, single, age 33,
middle height, black hair, brown eyes,
mostly Southern appearance; has lived
in America and Canada 15 years. Last
heard from 30 months ago, address be-
ing: Ontario Central, Hudson Bay Ry.
Hobart, Ont. Used to be called "Dick,"
and by his brothers "Gecko."

BEARDLEY, JOHN W., No. 10528.
Canadian, age 50, height 5 ft. 11 in.,
dark hair, light complexion, light
hair dark blue eyes, married, carpenter
by trade. Missing 25 years. Last known
address: Boston, U.S.A. Information
urgently wanted.

KNIGHT, WALTER MICHAEL, No. 10523.
Age 40, height about 5 ft. 8 in.,
hair almost black, dark eyes, clear com-
plexion, was a plumber and painter.
Left England about May, 1903, and was
seen since. It is thought he settled in
Toronto, Ont.

NAHIE, ANTHONY, No. 10520.
Italian, native Port Antonio, age 32, height
5 ft. 6 in., weight 140 lbs., dark com-
plexion, black curly hair, eyes green,
single, laborer. Missing 4 years. Last
known address: 100 St. James St.,
Quebec.

ALBRECHT, GOTTFRIED, No. 10525.
Age 60, a Swiss from Stadel, carpenter
by trade, was in San Francisco to 1911.
May be in Canada. Wanted re inheritance.

ACKINSON, CHARLES HAROLD, No. 10522.
Canadian, age 24, height 5 ft. 11 in.,
dark brown hair, blue eyes, married,
brakeman on the N.Y. & N.E. Ry. since
1910. Last known address: Market
Street, Brantford, Ont., near G. T. Ry.
Station. Last known employer: Car
Foreman, G. T. Ry., Brantford, Ont.

CHESMAN, MRS. MARY, nee
FLYN, No. 10512. Born near Dublin,
Ireland; left there about 8 or 9 months
ago; was a member of the S. & L. Last
letter from Rebecca, Ont. Used to go to
the Salvation Army in New York, U.S.A.
Information urgently wanted.

CHROZIER, MRS. MAUDE, alias MRS.
WILSON, No. 10521. English, 25 years
of age, height 4 ft. 9 in., 110 lbs., fair
complexion, brown hair, blue or hazel
eyes; missing since July 15th, 1914.
Supposed to be living with a Mrs. Mur-
dock, in Keston, Ont. Last known em-
ployer: Robert White, Keston, Ont. Let-
ters are being addressed to South River,
Perry Sound, Blue Is.

MILNE, MARGARET, No. 10530.
Scottish, age 60, height 5 ft. 2 in., weight
145 lbs., dark complexion, brown hair,
hazel eyes, single; housekeeper, some-
times did sewing. Missing 4½ years.
Last known address: Teraulay St., near
Queen, west side Toronto, Ont. Used to
attend Army meetings.

KING, FRANCIS JOSEPH, No. 10520.
14 years of age, height 5 ft. 8 in., brown
hair, brown eyes and a fair complexion,
occupied by occupation of English
nationality. Last address, 20 months
ago, was: Manor Cafe, 1st Street West,
Calgary, Alta. Relatives anxious.

LAT, ALFRED WILLIAM, No. 10524.
English nationality, age 23, height 5 ft. 11 in.,
single, farm hand, brown hair, missing
since 1914. Last known address: R.M.R.
Balderson, Ont. Last employer in Bal-
derson, but name not known. Relatives
enquire.

MORGAN, ELBERT, No. 10529. Age
21, 5 ft. 10 in., 140 lbs., brown hair,
dark eyes, missing since 1914. Last heard of one year ago was
then on the way to Los Angeles, Cal-
ifornia. Relatives anxious for news.

FEEDEREN, SIGVART (MAHINUS),
No. 10521. Norwegian, 20 years of age,
medium height, fair, Last heard of
May 6th, 1914, and his address then was
care of Henney Bros. Camp 6, Bryan
Creek, North Territories, Canada. Was
a cook. Used to stay in or near Mont-
real, Que.

KENNING, WILLIAM, No. 10529. Age
height 5 ft. 11 in., brown hair, blue-grey
eyes, fair complexion, Scotch national-
ity, a clerk. Was last known to be
employed by Mr. William Smith, Bath-
erglen, Ont.

STRECK, Oskar, No. 10515. Nor-
wegian. Last known address, care of
Martin & McKinnon, 1041, York St.,
Port, Ont. Worked about one year for
this company and left in Sept. 1913,
go to Norway. Letters have not been
answered or returned. Relatives anxious.
NELSON, HENRY, No. 10471. Nor-
wegian, age 25, medium height, pale com-
plexion, dark hair, missing since 1914.
Country name, west
Ingart Nilsen. Last address, in March,
1914, was: 100 St. James St.,
Quebec. Was a member of the Printers'
Union. Relatives by trade. Relatives
anxious.

COMING EVENTS

COMM. RICHARDS

Glac Bay—August 1.
North Sydney—August 2.
Botwood—August 3.
Grand Falls—August 4.
St. John's—August 5.
Burin—August 6.
Garnish—August 7.
Fortune—August 8.
Grand Bank—August 9.
St. John's—August 10.
Catalina—August 11.
Elliston—August 12.
Ronavista—August 13.
Clareville—August 14.
Gambo—August 15.

(Lieut.-Colonel Taylor and his
diets, Adey, and Menon
accompany.)

LIEUT.-COL. TAYLOR—Wed-
nesday, July 21 (wedding of
Woolcott and Lieutenant
Bridgman).

BRIG. RAWLING—General
31—Aug. 1; Maritime
Brockville, Aug. 3; General
Aug. 4; Kingston, Aug. 5; New
nec, Aug. 6; Campbellton,
Aug. 7.

BRIG. PHILLIPS—Vancouver
21-22; Bowmanville, July 23;
Oshawa, July 24.

BRIG. CAMERON—Woodstock
N. B., July 19; Fredericton,
July 20-21; New Brunswick,
31-Aug. 1; Shelburne, Aug. 2;
Westville, Aug. 3; Eton, Aug. 4;
Truro, Aug. 5; Halifax, Aug. 6;
Halifax, Aug. 7.

MAJOR WALTON—P. R. 21;
21; Peterboro, July 22-23; Am-
ville, July 24-25; Ottawa, July 26-27;
31-Aug. 1; Montreal, 2 Aug. 2;
Montreal, 7 Aug. 3; Montreal,
Aug. 8.

MRS. MAJOR FRAZER—Vancouver
July 25.

SUMMER IS COMING
WITH ITS HOT DAYS
PREPARED AND SECURED
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fortable. Made from a specially
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and Samples on application.

MEN'S UNIFORM. HATS
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CAPS—HATS—BONNETS
Women's Hats, best quality,
4, 5, and 6.
Women's Cap Hats, also
4, 5, and 6.

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3, 4, 5, and 6.
Private's Bonnets, best
quality, sizes 3, 4, 5, and 6.

F. O.'s Bonnets, second quality,
sizes 3, 4, 5, and 6.
Private's Bonnets, second quality,
sizes 3, 4, 5, and 6.

Private's Bonnets, second quality,
sizes 3, 4, 5, and 6.
Caps, sizes 6½ to 7½.
Band Caps, sizes 6½ to 7½.
Private's, sizes 6½ to 7½.

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Canada East Headquarters: James & Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.
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WOLFESTONE BAND CHEERS THE WOUNDED AT BEACHBORO HOSPITAL, ENGLAND—Top picture, the Band and some of the Wounded—Adjutant Penfold and Bandmaster Pope—The Band Playing—The Bandmen Have a Cup of Tea. (See Page 3.)